

WEDNESDAY  
MARCH 1, 1857.  
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3.00

# MICHIGAN POST.

VOL. 5.

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1857.

## Sport's Corner.

From the Boston and Advocate.  
The Questions.

What are most sweet to hear?  
A bird of the song with its note of joy,  
Or the pipe, pipe of a快乐 boy;  
The simple A's with a bright swell,  
Or the far-off roar of the Cannon bell;  
A maiden's voice, a swain's sweet low,  
The beautiful words of the marriage vow,  
Or the pleasant subservient strain.  
To the home on the hill, if he be drawn,  
These are most sweet to hear;  
For a boy who has a good day of things  
Of the bright and fair I might say.

What are most sweet to see?  
A man that bows from a beautiful bough,  
Like a lily that is in a crystal vase;  
A singer, brow and a stately eye;  
And a look that bears no marks of age,  
With a cap on up in its raven swell;  
While the flower is wreathed in each keen  
breath.

Are not types of the spirit's happiness—  
These are most sweet to see;  
For the beautiful thing we hear and see,  
Are shewn in the beams of our memory,  
To be remembered far and wide, and long,  
Like stars to gladden the night of life.

Even Rong, Jan. 5, 1857.

## Sweet Tales. Beginning Life:

ROLLING OVER WITH A PRETTY GIRL  
IN A STREAM OF WATER.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was drawn into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. As it is, I started in life with no other cause and aid than an old sword, which he was able enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wounding his stockings, and then heard "the words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life.—

My running away from home came from a minor irritation, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, a class girl at school. We romped and danced together till the brook fell such a length of time till it was felt of bewilderment that I took it up in the mystery of two lives' continual friends! But the time came, as comes it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember her bow, and when the 'green eyed' perpetrated this incendiary deed.

It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water was somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to do, with hands interwoven 'twin fashion,' and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at that time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipp'd my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook now, without emotion; but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the bottom of the sea. Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

"Ye need no hand, sae glibly, Helen,

as it ye feared fa'. I care nae eryt yr,

lighter than Donald can haff o' y."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an airless look that was both stern, and that she had no fear sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and I was utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in test of courage. On such topics boys are generally envious, and at the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had surprised her most cruelly, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one whose desire the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection caused me to exert every effort, and I very believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost care, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy led in that we shrink from making our columns spire a warmer love, and it was with a callender of crime, and from fanatical feeling unknown before that I unloosed the young, with such demoralizing scenes.

her check against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly for a minute—but also, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a fragment of wood, which rested, I suppose, upon a smooth stone. Over I tumbled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the traits of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry, and better hampered, attempted to communicate. But I preserved a manly silence, and the world and respected of a large community.

Not very many years since, a little boy might have been seen leading up his poor lowly mother's feeble, worn-out frame, through a process of coercion. See that this the little boy has grown to be a man, and that man is—thrumflower.

An awkward youth left Jersey many years ago, to help his master to make a fortune which he had received, and promoted me to a better result than usually attends such irregularities.

I went to England, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Would the boy have done a larger property to the city authorities, providing that its income were given to the poor, as long as there was no family and name to apply to married.

One evening, while I was at Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unprepossessing appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and enlightened expression indicated a mind more than ordinary power. I was introduced, and the Scotch name advanced to a leather store, at a long distance from the end of the hall occupied by the tray-bearers. I put him to bed, and, rising to the effect of the tray-bearer, I placed the hands of his master, to the front of the Master's door. The master laid him to bed, and found it difficult, in a foul wife he demanded, to get him up again, but could not find him.

Every year, a fatless boy was

placed in a third or fourth rate country

store, "for his victuals and clothes."

His face and a gloomy countenance, his

discontented gait, and the alacrity with which he served his customers,

I was introduced, and the Scotch name advanced to a leather store, at a

long distance from the end of the hall occupied by the tray-bearers.

The tray-bearer, I said, "I am a

boy, and I am a boy, and I am a boy,

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## TRIBAL PAPER.

It seems that Jack, of the Lebanon Post, since the November election, is becoming jealous of McCarty, of the Bardstown Gazette, a late convert to Democracy. Hear him:

"Mr. McCarty is too young a Democrat to always keep in mind the time-honored motto of his adopted party: 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'."

We suspect that Mack is about to "get the heels" of Jack.—*Glasgow Journal.*

**LEBANON, KY.,** Wednesday Morning Feb. 4 1857

### The Bardstown Gazette.

The person who does up the editorials of the *Gazette*, during the loss's absence, seems extremely anxious to enter into a woody war with us, having honored us by a notice in the last issue of that detectable sheet of almost a column in length. Now, we do not intend to gratify the gentleman, not a bit of it; but we will merely do what we have before had to do to the *Bardstown clique*—explain our position. We are not owned by the aforesaid clique, no more than by the *Gazette* and its numerous editors, and consequently are responsible to neither for our political actions. The dictatorial spirit of the above mentioned parties evinced toward us, on former occasions would sour the temper of a less mild person than ourself. But of that no more.

In presenting the claims of Dr. Palmer

for the consideration of the Democracy of this District, we are doing nothing more

than a simple act of justice. For, while even the editor of the *Gazette* was protest-

ing that he was not the "organ" of the Democ-

ratic party, the doctor was show-

ing by his noticing efforts in the cause,

what a good democrat he would make.

Among the many good and true men who

bared their arms and burnished up their

armour and stood in the breach, to hurl

back the fell wave of fanaticism, none

deserve the meed of praise more than

our friends, Dr. Palmer and James P.

Barbour. As we have said before, we

do not intend to deprecate the claims of

Hon. J. H. Jewett, nor any other valiant

champion in our now victorious party, as

the *Gazette* would seem to intimate;—far

from it. We think we have already said

more than necessary, to satisfy a candid

public as to our consistency.

Speaking of consistency puts us in mind

that the *Gazette* headed its article with

that appropriate word. Well it makes us

smile when we read the following morsel

in the self same article, from the pen of

that defender of Mr. McCarty:

"Mr. Jewett is an able and talented man.

He has made us a good representative;

then why not elect him again?"

Oh most unfortunate paragraph! Oh

most puissant defender! Oh temper!

Oh Moses in the shoe-brushes! Put your

head in soak, and you may gain at least

a shadow of an idea that our recommenda-

tion of a gen'l man to the consideration

of a Convention is not quite so egregious

an error, as your positively dictating to a

party of which you are so young a mem-

ber to elect. From the lengthy

communications which occur in the *Gaz-*

*ette*, since the absence of its editor, in fa-

vor of Mr. Jewett, one would suppose

that, although it never consented to be the

"organ" of a party, his representative has

learned to grind some exquisite tunes in

favor of an individual upon it, in a re-

markably short space of time.

We observe that some of our neigh-

bors on Main Street are setting up a very

good example, by cleaning up before

their doors during the present soft weather.

This is a good idea and should be

followed by others. Wonder if it is our

new Marshall, Mr. Wm. Milburn, who is

at the head of it? Hope it is, for that is

at least an earnest that some of our town

authorities are not enjoying a Rip Van

Winkle sleep, and that we may once more

see at least a slight shadow of the law

and its enforcers in our otherwise happy

and quiet town. So mote it be.

Miss M. McD.—will please ac-

cept our warmest thanks for her most

exquisite Christmas gift. It consists of a most beautifully worked pair of cloth

slippers. Such events are a perfect oasis in

the desert of editorial life, and calous must

be the heart that would not thrill with

pleasant gratitude on receiving such

tokens of esteem. Lady, may your path

adown the turbid shores of time be strewn

with flowers. May your life be one peaceful dream of a blissful eternity.

We would call the attention of our

reader to the advertisement of the *Satur-*

*day Evening Post*, to be found in an

other column. Messrs. Deacon & Peter-

son make decidedly one of the best family

papers now published, and heartily com-

mand it to our readers.

We are rejoiced to learn that Mr.

McCarthy, editor of the *Bardstown Ga-*

*zette* has so far recovered as to be able to

resume his post.

### Fight in the Missouri Legislature.

On Wednesday last a discussion somewhat personal at its commencement, took place in the Missouri Legislature, between Messrs. Darnes and Reid, on a resolution as to the practicability of slavery emancipation in Missouri. We copy the following proceedings from the St. Louis News:

Mr. Carnes said he did not fear gunpowder, and begged to inform the gentleman that his room was No. 12 Newman's Hotel.

Mr. Reid: If I am not mistaken, it may be No. 12 a little lower down the river.

Mr. Darnes: You ought to be in Cell No. 12 Penitentiary, where you ought to have been before you fought the battle of Ossawatomie.

Mr. Reid rose, and Mr. Darnes facing the Speaker, continued his remarks:

Mr. Darnes: Your powder has no terrors for me, I am contending for principle.

At this moment Mr. Reid had stepped to the right hand side of Mr. Darnes. He laid his left hand upon his shoulder, and drawing off with his right, struck him (Darnes) a heavy blow on the right cheek, covering the cheek bone and knocking him down. Reid then returned to his seat.

Mr. Darnes, having recovered somewhat from the effects of the blow, said: I say, sir, that no man but a cowardly assassin would step up behind a gentleman's back and strike him.

Mr. Hill, of St. Louis: I move that this house do now adjourn till uno o'clock Thursday.

Motion lost.

Mr. Darnes: I say, sir, that I have been assaulted in the House, I say, sir, that an assassin stepped up behind me when my back was turned upon him and struck me in the face—I pronounced him a coward and scoundrel.

Mr. Reid here stepped up again, when Mr. Darnes raised a tumbler with the evident intention of throwing it at him.

Mr. Reid then drew a knife, when Mr. Allen, of Warren, and several other gentlemen stepped in front of Mr. Reid, and he retired to his seat.

Mr. Darnes was also prevented from throwing the glass by gentlemen around him. The latter gentleman was then conducted from the room.

**DO YOU WISH FOR HEALTH?**—If afflicted with any form of disease, no matter how inveterate, or what duration, we advise you as a friend, to try Hurley's Sarsaparilla.—The reputation of this medicine has not (like others) had its birth in a single day but one that has developed itself by degrees ever since introduced till now regarded the friend of suffering humanity. Its curative properties have been fully tested in thousands and thousands of cases, from the most simple eruption of the skin, to the deadliest enemy of the human family, "consumption," and in no instance where perseveringly adopted, has it failed to afford permanent relief.—*Mobile News.*

**A SERIES OF BLUNDERS.**—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:

A correspondence, recently published by the House, reveals a ludicrous series of blunders over the signature of Secretary Guthrie—for which, however, he is not really responsible half so much as his Assistant Secretary may be supposed to be—for it is well known that in these matters of minor importance, the Secretary never can do more than affix his signature to a letter presented to him thereto.

The subject of the correspondence is the controversy with the Department in relation to refusal to pay to the employees of the House the extra pay voted them last adjournment. Guthrie's first letter cites a law of Congress of July 24, 1842. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in reply, notified the Secretary that there was no law approved on that day.

The Secretary rejoined, stating that his previous letter should have referred to a law of 26th August, 1842. Mr. Campbell answered to this that he could find no law of 26th August, 1842, any such language as that quoted by the Secretary in his letter. This brings out still another letter from Mr. Guthrie, stating that the law cited was the 2d section of the act of August 23d, instead of 26th.

Still again the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means informed the Secretary that the law of 23d August, 1842 did not contain the language quoted in his original letter. Mr. Guthrie's answer to this was an acknowledgment of error, and a declaration that the act from which he quoted was the one of 21st July, 1852, instead of 26th July, 1842.

Now opens a new act in the farce, and Mr. Campbell writes to the Secretary, showing him that the section of the act of 21st July, 1852, to which he had referred, was repealed in the act of August, 31st, 1852. Mr. Guthrie promptly answered, acknowledging the last and fatal error, and so ended this remarkable budget of blunders. Rather bad luck for our correct and unimpeachable Assistant Secretary!

**A NARROW ESCAPE.**—An admonition against hasty funerals occurred last week at Fremont, Ohio. Daniel Stearns, who had been sick with a fever, apparently died. All arrangements were made, and the friends and the clergyman were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the supposed deceased, when the body ap-

peared warm to the touch. Restoratives were administered, and, in a few minutes, the man who came so near being buried alive was sitting up. He is now in a fair way of recovery.

**BIG LUMP OF SILVER.**—A mass of pure solid silver weighing sixty five pounds, was recently taken from the Minnesota mines.

It is stated that some persons from this city are about to erect an extensive rail-

road car manufactory in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. The La Crosse company have

pledged themselves to take all the work

they can turn out.—*Lou. Courier.*

### Walker Reported Surrounded.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28. The British mail steamer Thamis arrived at Aspinwall on the 19th, from Greytown, which place she left the day previous. She brought 35 of Walker's men, who were transferred to the steamer Granada, which steamer left immediately for Greytown, the filibusters brought out by the Texas and James Adger, and convey them to New Orleans.

Walker had evacuated Rivas, and was at St. George's surrounded by the allies who had offered him terms of surrender, and as he was cut off from supplies, it was hourly expected that his followers would surrender.

The Aspinwall Courier of the 19th says it was reported by the Thamis that the steamer Sierra Nevada had been captured by the Costa Ricans, and that in consequence the St. Mary's would leave Panama for San Juan immediately.

The British mail steamship Thamis, which arrived at Aspinwall from Grey-

town, reported Walker with a force of 500 men, surrounded by enemies, who offered him terms of capitulation, which he would probably accept.

The Panama Star contains details of the seizure of Walker's steamers, but gives nothing of importance additional to what is already known here.

Great National Trial of Machinery and Implements of every description pertaining to Agriculture and Household Manufactures at the Fifth Annual Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, to be held at Louisville, Ky., during the Fall of 1857.

The Committee of the United States Agricultural Society, appointed at the Fifth annual meeting, held at the Smithsonian Institution, in the city of Washington, on the 11th of January, "to designate the time and places, and to make all the necessary arrangements for a national trial in the field of agricultural implements and machinery, respectfully invite the inventors and manufacturers of all such articles, both in the United States and foreign countries, to participate in a public trial to be made at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the society, during the fall of 1857.

TERMS: One copy one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, (and one to getter up of club,) \$10; eleven copies, (and one agent,) \$20.

Send in your subscriptions early to

WATSON & CO., 50 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

EXTRA NOTICE.—Subscribers sending three dollars for one year's subscription to "Graham," will receive a copy of *Graham's Ladies' Paper* for one year without charge.

With numerone works in Bronze, and a collection of several hundred *Fine Oil Paintings*, by leading artists.

The whole of which are to be distributed or allotted among the subscribers whose names are received previous to the 28th of January, 1857, when the distribution will take place.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Every subscriber of three dollars is entitled to a copy of the splendid Steel Engraving, "Saturday Night," or a copy of any of the following \$3 Magazines one year; also a copy of the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution of the Works of Art.

Thus, for every \$3 paid, a person not only gets a beautiful Engraving or Magazine one year, but also receive the Art Journal one year, and a Ticket in the Annual Distribution, making four dollars worth of reading matter. Besides the ticket, by which a valuable painting or piece of statuary may be received in addition.

Those



## Editor.

From the Lexington Union  
A Court Scene in Kansas.

Two years ago yesterday, at the time of my arrival in Kansas, I was in the presence of his Honor, a Federal Judge of Kansas, whilst he was holding court.

It was for the real names of two men, and before no one will take offence, I will say that no one will take offence.

The date of this scene was some time in February, 1853—the “days” in some

parts of the country were still winter, though it was a vast amount of the time and other causes, were precipitated to the ocean. The crash was tremendous, and it was thought that the men were all killed.

The freight and lumber were quickly re-

moved, and the men got out alive and safe.

No limb was broken, and all escaped

with few slight bruises and contusions,

except one young fellow who boarded

or for seats. Upon one of the stiff logs

he sat, with all his ducified dignity

for him was arraigned some poor fel-

low, for borrowing his neighbor’s chickens

without permission; confronted by his ac-

cuser. Upon the opposite side of the fire

place sat the sheriff and one of his friends,

engaged in a pleasant game of “old sledge”

—we will call them Smith and Brown.

The Judge, after adjusting his quill and

reaching back his hair several times that

his legal bumps might be thoroughly ex-

hibited, and staring the prisoner full in the

face, propounded an interrogatory some-

thing like this:

Judge: Sir, what have you to say for

yourself?

Brown: Smith, I beg.

Smith: I’ll see you d——d first.

Judge: Sheriff, keep silence in the court,

Well, what have you to say about these

chickens?

Brown: (Aside.) Run the cards, Smith.

Prisoner: I intended to pay Mr. Wiggins

for them.

Judge: Why didn’t—

Brown: Smith you don’t come that over

me; follow suit, d——n you; none of your

re-negging.

Judge: The court finds it impossible to

proceed, unless you have order in the

court-house.

Smith: In a moment, Judge. Count

your game, Brown.

Judge: Did you ever eat or sell those

chickens?

Prisoner: I sold them.

Smith: High, low, jack, gift, game.

Brown: Who give you one?

Smith: I beg your pardon. ‘Twas you

that begged.

Judge: Silence in the court!

Everything was quiet again for a few

moments; the cards were shuffled and

dealt; and in the meantime his Honor pro-

ceeded with the examination.

In the height of some other question

being propounded by the Judge, Smith

begged, and Brown gave one, hollow

out:

Brown: Now rip ahead, old hos’ five

and five.

The Judge, indignant and angry, arose

from the court bench, and crossed to the

players. Before he could say anything he

had Smith’s hand holding the ace and

ten; at the same time glancing

at a big stone laying between them he saw

two half dimes.

Judge: Brown, I’ll bet you five dollars

Smith beats this game?

Brown: done.

Up went the ore.

Smith led off and won the trick; led

again and won, led the third time and won,

but no game yet; commenced whistling

and scratching his head tremendously;

Judge (Leaning on Smith, and with one

eye shut) Smith, play ‘em judiciously.

Smith led in a little heart and lost the

trick. Brown played the queen at him,

and won the ten.

“Hold,” said the Judge, angrily, “let me

see.”

Brown: What’s the matter, Judge?

Smith: (Impatient.) Lead on, Brown.

Judge: (Raving.) This was a made up

thing; you have defrauded me! fine you

both twenty five dollars for contempt of

court.

Brown got the money, the prisoner

sloped, and so the court adjourned without

formal process.

A man in Franklin county, Penn., has

just been convicted of theft, for taking his

own horse from the possession of the Sher-

iff, who had the animal under attachment.

The court decided that such an operation

was stealing.

A bill has passed the Iowa Legislature,

admitting negroes to equality with white

men as witnesses in courts.

CARPET SWEEPERS.—The Scientific

American describes a carpet-sweeping

machine exhibited at the fair of the Ameri-

can Institute at New York. It consists of

a small box in which there is a revolving

fan that sucks up all the dust and dirt and

carries it into a small box compartment

containing water. The woolen fibres and

large particles are deposited in a drawer.

The sweeping is done by pushing the box

along the surface of the carpet by handles.

The whole apparatus is light and simple,

and will outlast a thousand brooms. No

dust is created, and the sweeping is most

thoroughly done.

THE MOB OF NOVELS.—Within the last

three years the country has been flooded

with novels, mostly written by women.—

We have lately been told that the sale of

these books has fallen off astonishingly,

and the demand has almost ceased. The

fact should encourage the ladies to

go out washing, take in sewing, attend to

the children, nurse the sick, do anything

honest and useful, but do stop writing

wishy-washy, namby-pamby, milk and wa-

ter sentimental love stories.—No, that

is the “Jewel Box” of the day.

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